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# Puck

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## PUCK'S PENANCE.

PUCK.—It's the first time I ever believed Blaine, and I ought to have known better!



## PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 15th, 1892. — No. 797.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

STRANGE AS it may seem, it is true that a party can easier outlive its principles than its traditions. For more than a generation two great political parties have been arrayed against each other in this country, and they stand to-day as firmly and uncompromisingly opposed as they stood forty years ago with the most momentous of national questions separating them one from the other. And yet, to-day, that question no longer divides them. It is something answered, settled, set at rest forever. Human slavery in the United States is a thing of the past; the Rebellion is to the present generation no more than a dark page in our national history to which we may turn back with regret, but, thank Heaven, with no angry stirring of the blood. We have left far behind us the bitterness of those evil days of internal warfare: the causes that brought them upon us are no longer subjects of consideration or discussion. If there is a man left in this country to express a doubt that the South was wrong in the past, or that the South is loyal at present, we do not call him a Democrat or a Republican — he is either an imbecile or a demagogue, and for practical purposes it matters very little which. Thus completely has it come to pass that the old question at issue between the two parties has been wiped out of mind and memory.

And still through all these years the party organization has been kept up on both sides. To-day, as in the days before the war, Republicans and Democrats are fighting for the supremacy in the control of national affairs, although the issues upon which they make their battle are wholly different from those which originally brought them into antagonism. What then, has given these two organizations the vitality to outlast the principles which first brought them into existence? Why should they not have died years ago — the Democratic party when the mistake of its adherence to the Southern schism was made manifest — the Republican party, when the work it had appointed for itself was done, when slavery was crushed out forever and disunion proven impossible? Was it mere lust of power and place — the purely selfish desire to rule? Such a motive might account for a few years of persistence: it could not give an adequate reason for a life so prolonged and so vigorous. A party must have some sort of soul to live on; when it is given over to utter sordidness its end is nigh. The fact is, it is tradition, more than anything else, that has kept both parties in the field for all these years; and it is tradition which has furnished them with their present grounds of difference. This tradition on both sides was born of the principles that primarily inspired the party; and when either party cuts itself absolutely loose from the guidance of its own tradition it tempts the fate of any organization that seeks public power for purely and undeniably selfish ends.

This year of 1892 puts both parties sharply to the test. They must make their fight on principle to prove their excuse for existence. The one that fails to do this — the one that goes into the contest for power only, and with no higher motive inspiration will inevitably lose the confidence of its own adherents. And it must be remembered that in both parties this confidence has been sorely tried; and that it is nothing but a belief in old traditions that holds the ranks firm behind the leaders that bear the standards in the van. There are certain issues upon which the people of this country differ among themselves; but their difference is serious and honest, and they will not have it made the stock-in-trade of the catch-penny politician. They will give loyal support to earnest champions of their ideas, but they are growing tired, Republicans and Democrats alike, of lending their strength to men who make profession of their principles merely to gain preferment or to keep intact political organizations which are serviceable to their personal and private ambitions.

How the Republican party has met this test in its convention at Minneapolis the people have an opportunity of judging. We doubt if the best friend of that party can say that its choice has been inspired by principle rather than policy. Republican conventions — like all other conventions — have often been in serious doubt about the choice of a candi-

date; but we do not believe that any previous convention has quite so cynically and frankly faced the question of picking a man wholly and entirely for his personal availability as a candidate — for his individual ingenuity in the art of getting himself elected — as this business-like and practical convention of 1892.

That the Republican Party should be brought to such a pass: that of all the noble principles that gave it life in early days, it should have hardly enough left to make a decorous showing before the public — this lamentable state of things seems to bring a sense of savage joy to the hearts of many zealous but not profoundly thoughtful Democrats. But no deficiency in the Republican party's account of its stewardship will wipe debits off the books of the Democrats. A minus sign before the Republican principles does not mean a plus before the Democratic. In fact, between the two parties, the Democrats can afford far less than their rivals to abandon principles. A Democratic candidate is certain to be judged more rigorously, to be examined more searchingly as to the sincerity and soundness of the principles he is expected to maintain, than the candidate of the Republican party; for the simple reason that his candidacy is raised up in opposition to established power, and that, in a sense, he must assume the burden of proving that he is worthy to displace another man, and his party capable of taking the reins of government from those who actually hold them.

The principles which the Democratic party profess have grown naturally and healthily enough out of its traditions. It is essentially a party of the people, and everything in its history and its composition leads us to expect to find it arrayed on the side of the masses as against the classes. In this it justifies its name, and it is this inherent principle or tradition, call it what you will, that makes it the party of Tariff Reform, of a reform that lifts from the shoulders of hundreds of thousands a burden borne for the benefit of a favored few. If one vital principle informs the Democratic party it is this: and on this principle, first of all, it must make its fight this year, or stand or fall. Its candidate must, in his character and convictions, embody this central and significant idea of the modern Democracy, or his candidacy must give the lie to every profession of principle that the Democratic party has ever made, and most of all to its boast of seeking the greatest good of the greatest number. When the Democratic party meets at Chicago next week, if it selects a candidate to represent it in the one characteristic which should give it a claim to the confidence of the people, it will come before the country with Grover Cleveland at its head.



## ADDING TORTURE TO PUNISHMENT.

TEACHER (who has just chastised TOMMY in the usual place).  
— Now go and sit down!

TOMMY.— Oh! boo-hoo! Don't you think you have punished me enough already?



# BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN ON THE LANGUAGE OF MONKEYS.



VE FORESANE that thim funnygrafs wud be playin the mischeef; but nivir did I belave that a human crayther wud take advantage av the mashane to go proyin intil the consarns av a little brute baste av a monkey, so that the monkey an himsilf cud coom to a muchal undherstandin. Howsomivir, its a sittlir av wan av the throobles av the fatheful, for thim hiritics that goes about misdoubtin that Balaam's ass shpake wont hav aven a lame leg to shtand on.

Since communicashunsh as been opened up, the craythers ll be apin, so to shpake, our own manners an coostoms, an maybe claimin roights as American citizens. I hope the Boord av Eddicashun will hav the discrishun to kape thim out av the pooblic shkools.

I'd loike to know fwhat the monkeys think av thim dudes an sitch. Maybe theyve presarved soom av our own anshent history an cud give us points on the missin link. Moreover, perhaps well foind out why the goat, accordin to the cartoons, sames to hav sootch a propinsity for poets.

Bekos, av coorse, this spachifyin wont shtap wid monkeys; but, havin put the entherin widge intil thim, well soon discoorse wid all the quadhrupids, includin birds, insects an riptoiles. Whin inther-communicashuns becooms giniral, a good dale moor discrishun will have to be obsarved. Ive been tould that, at the kitchen gardhens, the openin qwiston on the program is, "Fwhat is the farst duty av a waiting maid?"

Answer: "Nivir to listhen to fwhat the family says at table."

But the revelashuns av the mosht obsarvin an sharp-eared waitress wud be out av soight beside the revelashuns av the pet poodle or the family cat. Ive often watched a sloy ould tabby stritched out an pretindin to snooze be the foire, but ivery now an thin givin a knowin wink, or openin a corner av the eye, whin soom partiklerly intherestin bit av gossip was undher considherashun, as if to say, wid a shroog av the shouldhers, "I know fwhat I know."

A cat that has lived wid good families wud be a priceliss treasure to a sosoiety reporter; an to the reporter av the fuchur, to talk monkey, tabby, or poodle, will be moor consequenshal than shorthand or sitch. No moor hoidin av the family skeleton whin the family cat is injuced to tell fwhat she knows, for she goes proyin intil iviry nook an cranny an foinds out fwats in it. Families wid cats an sacrets will throy to shoot the cat, an the nabor will indivor to presarve its loife in the intherests av informashun.

The polase will hav to be on their guard fur sthray dogs, watchin thim round sthreet corners. I forsay loively toimes whin thim four-legged craythers will be dhragged into coort fur witenesses.

Foinally, the rage fur doilect shtories will have a new tarn whin the tale will be related in the doilect av quadhrupids or two-legged apes.

M. Bourchier Sanford.

## A BOOMERANG.

"Oh, misery!" cried the Editor.

"What's the matter now?"

"I just threw a poet out of the window; and his wife, who was waiting for him below, has presented one of our insurance coupons at the cashier's desk. He had it on him! Another five hundred dollars gone, when two dollars would have bought not only his poem but his everlasting gratitude."

## VERY DIFFERENT.

V. ICHY.—I don't see why young Brown is n't as much the right sort as Jones; he makes more money.

S. ELTZER.—Yes; but Brown makes *wages*—gets paid by the week, you know. Jones has an *income* of a thousand a year.



## DREAMS VS. REALITY.

WILLIAM FILE.—The little darling! I wonder what she is doing at the present moment. Ten o'clock. I suppose she is helping her mother attend to her little household duties, and preparing herself to be a model little wife.

(Subsides into a state of visionary blissfulness.)



THE LITTLE DARLING (to A. M.).—Say, Mom; what have you saved for my breakfast? I wish you would bring it up here; I'm too tired to get up yet. Shut the kitchen door, too; the smell of the washing nauseates me. When you get through with the wash, call me. How I wish I was rich!



## A FIRST NIGHT.

USHER.—I can give you a good seat after the first act; the newspaper critics go then.

STANDEE.—Don't they come back?

USHER.—Bless you, no! they only drop in to verify their suspicions.

## AN EXAMPLE.

BOSTON TEACHER (to NEW YORK GIRL).—Flossie, you may go to the board and do the first haf of the exahmple.

NEW YORK GIRL.—I can't.

BOSTON TEACHER.—Oh, never say that!

NEW YORK GIRL.—Well, I CAHN'T, then.

BOSTON TEACHER.—Well, that is a great deal more proper; but would n't I'll try be better still?

# The Runaway Browns.

## A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

(Began in Puck, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

### CHAPTER XII.

ON THE verandah in front of the store sat a stout man in a chair tilted back, with his feet cocked up against a pillar. He was a pleasant-looking man, not a countryman; a business man from a large city, apparently, to judge from his well-kept appearance, his well-cut suit of tweed, and the well-trimmed mutton-chop whiskers that ornamented his otherwise clean-shaven face. He got up as soon as they came abreast of the store, stepped forward with an agreeable smile on his broad face, and gave them greeting.

"Good afternoon," he said; "let me hitch your horse. Here's a chain."

"Good afternoon, Mr. ———" Paul glanced up at the sign, — "Mr. Robinson."

"My name's not Robinson," said the stout man, genially; "Mr. Robinson's to dinner. I'm a friend of his, and I'm just tending store for him while he's away. Let me help your lady." And he gallantly handed Adèle down from her high perch. Then he turned to Paul.

"Guess Robinson's stocked up on tinware," he said, looking at Paul as if he were surprised that Paul should n't know it.

"Oh — oh — I — only — of course," stammered Paul. He had forgotten that he was a tinware peddler.

"The fact is," he explained, "I am not here to sell to-day. I want to buy some things of Mr. Robinson."

"Why, certainly," said the stout man. "Might have known it; might have known it. You're in the retail line yourself, are n't you? How do you find business?"

"Not very good," said Paul, who had recovered himself. And Adèle looked at him admiringly.

"Oh!" said the stout man. "Nice outfit you've got there. 'Been long on the road?"

"Not very," said Paul.

"Oh!" said the stout man again. "Nice wagon you've got there. May I ask who made that wagon?"

"I could n't tell you," Paul answered him, truthfully. "I bought it second-hand."

"Would n't have thought it," said the stout man, in a complimentary tone. "Looks most as good as new, don't it? Well, come right in. I'll see if I can hunt up Robinson."

"I thought you said he had gone to dinner," said Paul.

"May be he ain't got started yet," the stout man suggested. "Step right in, any way, and we'll see. Perhaps he's in the back shop. Come right this way."

The front shop was a large room nearly filled with every kind of merchandise. There were barrels of sugar and flour and oil, a hogshead of molasses, boxes of tea and coffee and rice and raisins and candles and all manner of things; there were calicos and flannels and fancy notions and boots and shoes and ribbons and cheap jewelry and chairs and mops and pails and tin and china-ware and hardware and agricultural implements and a couple of sewing machines and men's clothing and a few toys, and regiments upon regiments of canned goods arrayed in order upon the shelves. It was an interesting collection, and Adèle wanted to linger and examine it, but their stout friend ushered them through this palace of delights, and with a politeness that could not be denied, led them into the back room, over the door of which was a small sign: HAY, FEED, LIME, PAINTS, OILS AND PUTTY.

As they followed him, the stout gentleman, in his anxiety to be civil, thrust the door open so wide that it struck against a bag of meal on a shelf and sent a shower of dust over both of the Browns.

"Oh, my Gracious!" cried the stout gentleman in dismay. "Ain't I a big butter-fingers? I ought to have thought before asking the lady

to come into such a place as this. I expect I've just about ruined your lady's hat. Step right back into the store; step right back, and let me brush you off!"

They both assured him that it was of no consequence, but the stout man was distressed beyond measure, and insisted upon repairing the damage he had caused. He went behind the counter and procured a whisk-broom. Then he deftly aided Adèle to take off her jaunty Paris hat, and he proceeded to remove the last particle of dust from it, turning it over in his hands and flicking at it with his own white handkerchief, as tenderly as a young mother might brush an excess of powder from the face of her first baby.

"My!" he said, "I would n't have had this happen for a farm, but I always was the awkwardest! My old mother used to say, when I was a boy, that some folks was all thumbs, but that I was n't even all thumbs — I was all toes. Well, well! Here, sir! Now I've undone my mischief, as far as I can, for your lady. Let me see what I can do for you." And in spite of all protests, he removed Paul's Alpine hat and carefully brushed it off, even to the under side of the rim. Then he went on to bestow the same care upon Paul himself, brushing him until he almost rubbed the nap off his coat.

"Got any down your neck?" he inquired, inserting his hand in Paul's coat-collar, and whisking the brush around as though he were a barber and had just given Paul a hair-cut. "There! I guess that will do."

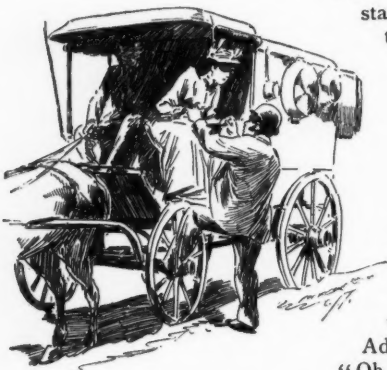
They both assured him that it would do, but he continued his protestations of regret, until Paul, to put him at his ease, asked him if he could not show him the things they wanted to buy, without waiting for Mr. Robinson. The stout gentleman said he thought he could, and he proved to be a most active and obliging salesman. He seemed very much interested in their purchases, and surprised at some of them; but he did not transcend the bounds of polite inquiry, although the blankets puzzled him a good deal.

The prices at Mr. Robinson's store ruled low, and Paul was surprised to find how little he had spent when at last all their purchases were piled in a heap in the middle of the floor. But, as he gazed at the pile, he did not much wonder that the stout man was astonished at having sold such a bill of goods.

This is the list of the things they bought:

Three gray blankets,  
Two red "  
Six cans of sardines,  
One can-opener,  
Three lbs. candles,  
One can of axle-grease (the wheels of the wagon had squeaked.),  
One wrench (the stout man's suggestion. It began to dawn upon Paul that when he bought the wagon he had not specifically included the fittings and other appurtenances in the purchase.),  
One iron-kettle and one frying-pan ("so nice for camping out," Adèle observed.),  
One gross matches (suggested by the preceding purchase.),  
One tin lantern (Paul had forgotten that he dealt in tin lanterns himself.),  
One gallon kerosene oil (Paul's own bluff, after the lantern episode.),  
One paper pins, assorted sizes,  
Six papers needles,  
Six spools cotton-thread, Nos. 40—70,  
One box paper collars (bought for curiosity.),  
One pound molasses candy,  
One nose-bag for the horse (stout man's suggestion again.),  
One lady's veil (green barège was the fashion in Brockham.),  
One Paisley shawl,  
Two rubber overcoats,  
Two knives and forks (Adèle reminded Paul that they had their own tin plates.),  
One compass,  
Two straw hats,  
One quarter-pound pepper,  
One bag salt,  
One " hominy,  
One " Indian meal,  
One jug molasses,  
One brier-wood pipe (at least it was a pipe, and it was made of wood.),  
One pound cut-plug tobacco,  
One bottle gargling oil (for man and beast.)

The stout man helped them to load all the things on their wagon, and with considerable interest inquired their destination, and gave them directions as to the best road to take. They had been told to turn to





the right at Brockham, and to go a mile up the side road to a tavern, where they could get their dinner, but when the stout man heard of this he strongly dissuaded them.

"It's a quarryman's eating-house," he said, "and a pretty rough place. I would n't take the lady there."

"We might cook our own dinner," said Adèle.

"Of course you might," said the stout man, cordially, "and there's an elegant place to do it, in a patch of woods, under a hummock, about two mile up this very road."



So the stout man sold them some bacon and crackers (they ought to have thought of crackers before), and butter, and six eggs and a pint of milk, and a pound of tea and a pound of coffee, which they had also forgotten before, and two spoons, which came in the same category. And after Paul had remembered a feed of oats for the horse, they bade each other good-by in the friend-

liest sort of manner, and the Browns started up the road with their new possessions piled up on the top of their red wagon.

Before they had got as far as the white house they met a man coming along the road. It was undoubtedly Mr. Robinson, for there could hardly be another man in Brockham. It was Mr. Robinson. For when he saw the heap of what had lately been his property, on the top of the wagon, he stood stock still in wonderment, and then threw up his hands excitedly, and yelled to the stout man on the verandah of the store:

"Hi, there!"

But the stout man nodded back that it was all right, and Mr. Robinson, relieved of the fear that he had been robbed, but still wondering, went on toward his store, while the Browns jogged along the highway.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

There was not the slightest difficulty in following the stout man's directions. The road was straight, and the hummock he had told them of became visible — aggressively and almost impudently visible — before they had got half a mile on their way. It was not very much of a hummock, either, but it seemed to be conscious of the fact that, such as it was, it was the highest elevation for miles around, and it took advantage of the absence of real mountains to show off. It humped itself insolently against the sky, as if it said: "There ain't no hills here, only ME! There ain't no hills here, only ME!"

But when they arrived at its base they found it a friendly and pleasant sort of hummock, with a little patch of woods on one flank, and a spring in a hollow near by. The hummock itself was little more than a pile of round rocks, sparsely covered with turf and moss. On its bald top stood three lonely cedars.

"It's a regular etching hummock," said Adèle; "just the kind they have in etchings. There ought to be some sheep on top — etching sheep, you know, with pin legs."

They turned into the patch of woods, unharnessed the sorrel mare, and took this opportunity of making her acquaintance. She seemed to be quite a likable little animal, and, as Adèle remarked, she showed real intelligence in the management of her new nose-bag. Having cared for the comfort of their horse, they took heed to themselves, and with their kettle and sauce-pan and some tin things from their own stock, including a tin pail which they filled with water from the spring, and the provisions they had bought at Brockham, they climbed to the top of the hummock, where they found a bright little fresh breeze blowing, and there they sat them down in the shade of the big cedars, and cooked the first meal they ever had cooked together.

The meal was, to use Paul's critical phrase in summing it up, "splen-



did, but spotty." They boiled three of the eggs, and three they made into an omelette. Paul made the omelette, and it was very good, for Paul and Ernest had had to learn to subsist, often for weeks at a time, principally upon omelettes and crackers. But while they were making the omelette they forgot all about the eggs in the kettle. Now, a camp-fire kettle, as a rule, will not boil much under an hour, and if you are not firm and profane with it, it will sometimes take an hour and a quarter. But they had put the eggs in when they put the kettle on, and, out of the pure natural cussedness of kettles, it boiled right up as soon as their backs were turned. So, when they got to them, the eggs were of the consistency of billiard balls; and while they were discussing ways and means of unhardening them, or at least of taking what Paul called the Bessemer quality out of them, the bacon which they had put on to fry got a little burnt, and this did not improve its original musty flavor. It was the kind of bacon that *will* not crisp, but always lies limp, like a rat's tail. The sardines, however, were excellent. On the whole, they felt quite proud of their first attempt.

When they had finished, Adèle chose a cedar and sat down with her back against it, and Paul chose one opposite it, and sat down with his back against that, and they chatted in lazy comfort.

But Paul remembered his new pipe, and, although his cigar-case was not empty, he resolved to begin without delay upon his pound of cut-plug. Breaking in a new pipe is not the most pleasant kind of smoking in the world. It's pretty sure to try a man's temper, and it certainly tried Paul's. Paul never got cross; but when his temper was tried he did get stubborn. Later in the afternoon he showed that his temper had been tried.

By degrees Paul dropped out of the conversation, but Adèle hardly noticed his absence, for she was chirping away in childlike happiness, and in perfect content with all the world, until suddenly, as she gazed out upon the pretty landscape spread beneath them, a look of surprise came into her face.

"Why, Paul," she said, "there's our stout man! Where do you suppose he's going?"

"To his dinner, I suppose," said Paul, not as pleasantly as he usually spoke.

"Then he will have to walk miles and miles and miles for it," said Adèle; "for there is n't a house anywhere in that direction."

It certainly did seem strange. The stout man was walking straight across the fields, heading apparently in the direction of nowhere. The two Browns followed his course with interest. Straight across the fields he marched, until he reached the road up which he had told them to turn. Here he climbed upon the top rail of a fence, and sat down.

"Paul, said Adèle, "I do believe he's waiting for us."

"Then let him wait," said Paul. "No; on second thoughts I'll accommodate him. He probably wants to ask a few more questions of us."

"Well?" inquired Adèle.

"Well," said Paul, "he can ask."

And Paul buttoned up his coat, picked up the heavier cooking utensils, and started down the hill with a certain expression of stolidity and a fixedness of purpose about his walk and carriage which Adèle had noticed once or twice before, notably on the occasion when he told her that he wanted her to be his wife, and on another occasion when he told her that the twenty-seventh flat they had visited was the last one they were going to visit.

When they had washed up the "things" they harnessed the mare, who seemed quite glad to see them, and resumed their journey, discussing, as they gradually approached the place where they could see the stout man still awaiting them, a suitable name for their steed. They were hesitating between "Sorellina" and "Tinnianna" when the fat man hailed them. "Say," he called out cheerily, "give us a lift?"



(To be continued.)

#### A TAKING WAY.

EDITOR (to NEW ARRIVAL).—Of course you will write only on one side of the paper.

NEW ARRIVAL.—All right; suppose I take the editorial side for my stint.

A MAN NEEDS no spectacles to see the Beauty of Uprightness when he peers through an iron-barred door.

#### GUILTY.

"Sullivan was arrested for having his hands in his pockets the other day."

"How could they arrest him for that?"

"Carrying concealed weapons."

THE SALTING away of money is often done in the brine of other people's tears.

#### VERY YOUNG.

MISS DE MENOR.—Oh, really; Amy is nothing but a child.

MISS DE MUIR.—Why do you call her so?

MISS DE MENOR.—Why, Jack kissed her on the piazza last night, and she told me about it as "an adventure."

THE FRUIT OF REPENTANCE — "Peach."



## A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

JUNKMAN.—Rags! Rags! Rags!  
TATTERDON TORNE.—Don't yer git so all-fired personal in your remarks!

## HIS VOCABULARY.

MISS VAN GUYEM.—Delighted to meet you, Lord Dulstaire.  
LORD DULSTAIKE.—Chahmed, I'm shuah.  
MISS VAN GUYEM.—So sorry to miss your call the other day!  
LORD DULSTAIKE.—Chahmed—I mean—dweadfully sorwy—  
MISS VAN GUYEM.—But I was actually *grieved*!  
LORD DULSTAIKE.—Chahming of you to—ah—ah—  
MISS VAN GUYEM.—If I felt it was an admissible question, I should dearly love to ask you how you like America.  
LORD DULSTAIKE.—Chahmed—I assure yuh.  
MISS VAN GUYEM.—I thought you'd say so. And you went West, I believe. Of course, you were—  
LORD DULSTAIKE.—Vewy much chahmed, weally.  
MISS VAN GUYEM.—That just expresses it. But if you stay through the Winter, you must go to Florida. It will charm you, I know, to enjoy the charming scenery; and the atmosphere is such a charm that you will really be—  
LORD DULSTAIKE.—Chahmed, I'm shuah!

Madeline S. Bridges.



## A COMPROMISE.

OFFICE BOY.—Can you let me off this afternoon? my grandmother is dead.  
HEAD OF FIRM.—Not very well; but you can run out two or three times and look at the score.

## SENECA'S IMMORTALITY.

OLD SENECA was wondrous wise,  
Of vision far and clear;  
He said some things of depth and size  
That still the world holds dear.

His aphorisms quaint, divine,  
With wisdom's beauty fraught—  
His polished pearls of fancy fine  
He never, never thought

Had quite the merit and the scope  
To point both near and far  
The virtues of a toilet soap  
Upon the bob-tail car.

R. K. M.

## A SERIOUS DEFECT.

TEACHER IN KINDERGARTEN.—You've omitted something, Mabel, in making your letter "i's." What is it?  
MABEL.—I guess I forgot to put eyebrows over 'em.



## AFTER MANY YEARS.

MISS CROFUT.—Yes; Papa had that painted by a celebrated artist when I was a little girl.

MR. VERIDUM.—Beautiful! Wonderful! Ah, Miss Crofut, the artists of the present generation could n't do anything like that!

## IT'S CATCHING, THOUGH.

JESS.—I believe love is a disease.

BESS.—No doubt; but, thank goodness, it is n't one of those you can't have but once.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

JUDGE.—You are accused of stealing an overcoat. Guilty or not guilty?

PRISONER.—Not guilty. I merely adapted it.

JUDGE.—What is your business?

PRISONER.—I am an American playwright.

## THE OLD MAN WAS ON.

"Well, Uncle Reuben, that's a fine pair of oxen you have."

"Ya-as."

"What have you named them?"

"Nigh one's Pilot an' th' off one's Rudder."

"Strange names, are n't they?"

"Not fur steers."





# PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.



## NEAR ENOUGH.

"O GEORGE! Why are you here?"  
The fair Annabel McGuire descended to the parlor to greet the young man who had sent up his name, and she greeted him with this question.

"Because I wanted to see you, dear. I could n't live another day without looking in your sweet face."

"But you know what Papa said?"

"Yes," replied the young man, bitterly; "I am not likely to forget it."

"He's a very determined man, too, George."

"So I infer."

"And when he said you must not come to see me, or even think of me again, until you had fifty thousand dollars you could call your own, he meant it, George."

"Yes," assented the young man, dismally; "I suppose he did."

"And still you have dared his wrath."

"Yes."

"And all for me, George? For my sake?"

"Yes, love. My devotion to you is so intense that I have even dared to disobey your father and call on you in his house."

"But, George, you have n't saved that fifty thousand dollars yet, have you?" asked the maiden, as a flutter of hope that possibly he might have secured the money in some way, crossed her bosom.

"No," answered George, simply.

"How much have you saved, George?"

"Only seventeen dollars and sixty-eight cents."

"Oh, well, I'll speak to Papa myself. I think that's near enough."

*William Henry Siviter.*

## HIS OWN BUSINESS.

"I hear that you have left Kernell, Kapp & Company."

"Yes; three weeks ago."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm in business for myself."

"So?"

"Yes. Looking for work."

THE DAYS of June may be rare, but wilted collars show that the work of old Sol is pretty well done.



THIS IS NOT THE PICTURE OF A FREAK. IT MERELY REPRESENTS HOW MADDOX FELT WHEN HE MADE HIS FIRST SPEECH FROM A PUBLIC PLATFORM.

A PRESS OF BUSINESS — The Handshake of a Commercial Traveler.

I HEARD SOLOMON LEVI call a joke a "choke" the other day — what he probably had in mind was a gag.



## QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

A thing is not always what it seems.  
For instance, what would you say of Wemyss?

## A RESERVATION.

MRS. A.—Don't you wish your husband were a poet?

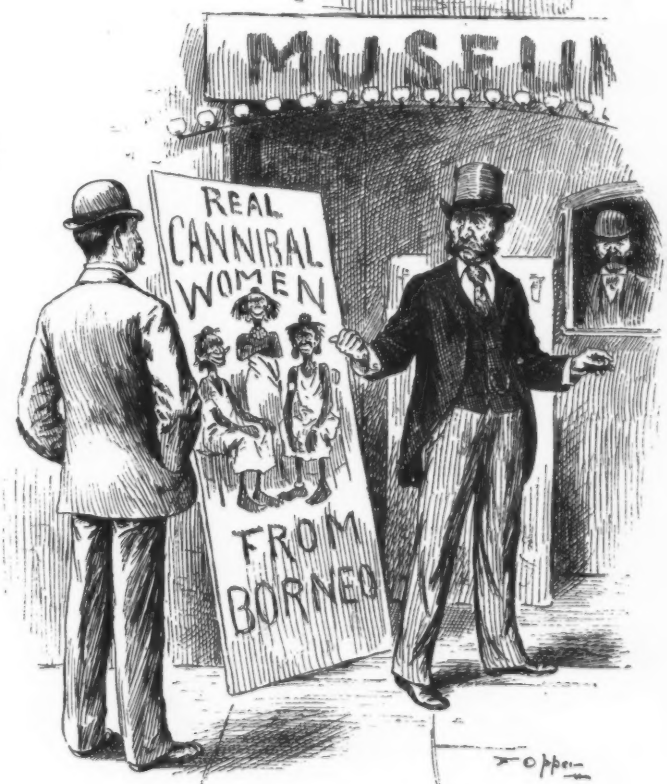
MRS. B.—Yes; but I would n't wish to be a poet's wife.

## HE WILL NEED IT THERE.

PEPPERGRASS.—What are you studying German for? You are not going to Germany, are you?

SPEARMINT.—No; but I intend to spend a few months in Milwaukee.

## A ROCKY EMINENCE — D. Hill's.



## THE LAST RAY OF HOPE.

FRIEND.—Why, Long, I'm surprised to see you going into that cheap, catch-penny place!

MR. BARRETT LONG.—I'm going to see if I can't engage one of those women as a cook — we've tried every other kind, and if this fails, we'll have to give up housekeeping!

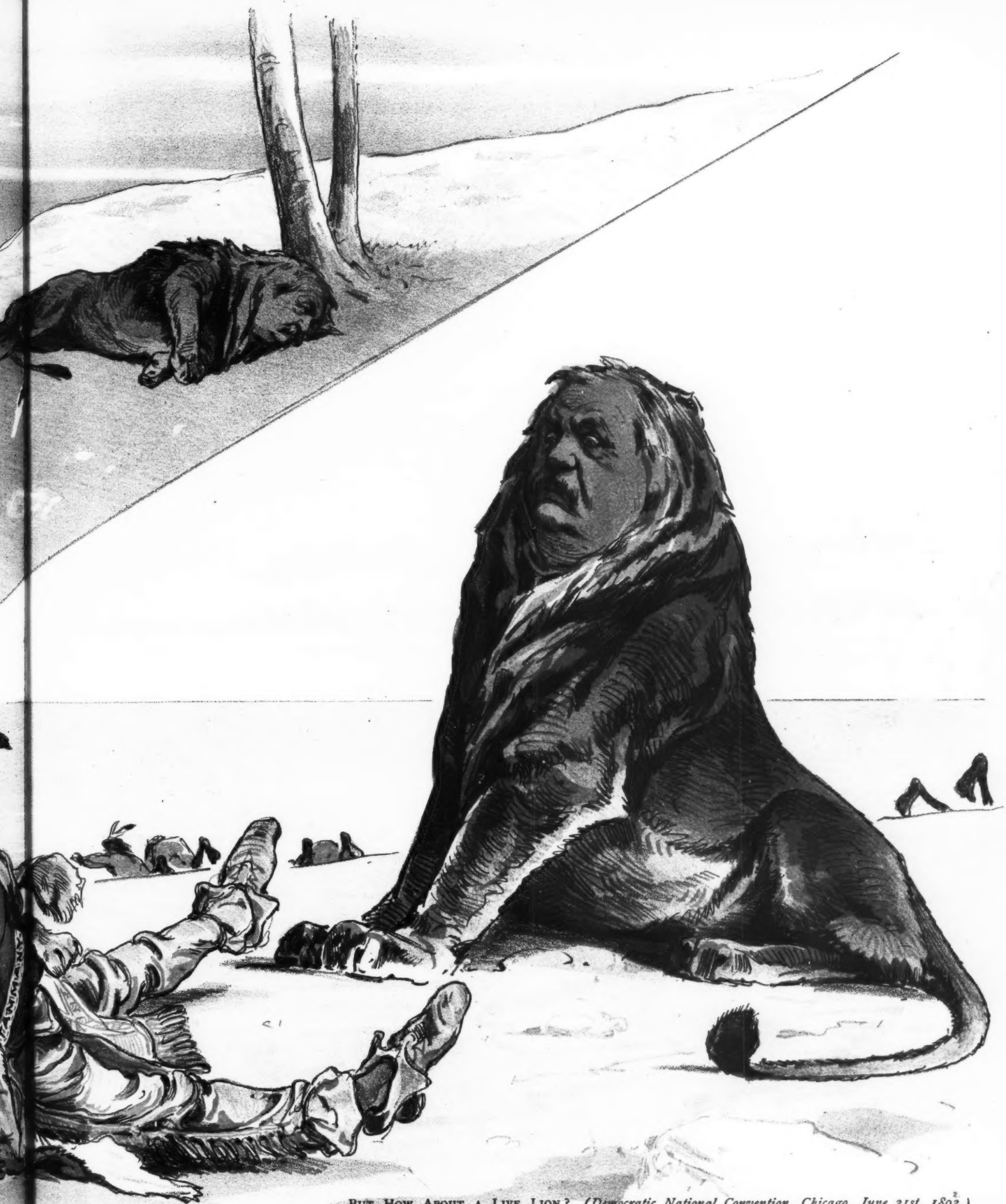


"A LIVE DOG IS BETTER THAN A DEAD LION." (Snap Convention, Albany, February 22d, 1892.)

J. Keppler



UCK.



BUT HOW ABOUT A LIVE LION? (*Democratic National Convention, Chicago, June 21st, 1892.*)

AND THE LIVE LION.

## THE JUNE BUG.



UZZ, buzz, buzz—

Well, I wonder how it was!  
W'y, I jest slipped in from the outer gloom  
Fer to take a peep at ther settin' room,  
To escape the damp,  
An' to see the lamp,  
An' about the ceilin' to buzz an' boom.  
But over the edge  
Of the winder ledge  
They 've dumped me out in the night ag'in,  
With a damaged head an' a broken shin.

Buzz, buzz, buzz—

Well, I 'll tell you how it was:  
W'y, I jest got lost from the beaten track,  
An' I dashed an' dodged till I struck—kerwhack!  
Then I fell like a lump  
To the floor, with a bump,  
An' I stretched out flat with an injured back;  
But I kicked an' sprawled,  
An' I flopped an' crawled,  
Till I turned right over—I did, by jing—  
With a fractured leg an' a wounded wing.

Buzz, buzz, buzz—

Well, it 's funny how it was!  
W'y, it seemed to me as I tore about  
That there wa' n't no place that I *could* git out;  
So I dropped down still  
On the winder-sill,  
With my frame in pain an' my mind in doubt;  
Then I jest got up an' I tried once more  
Fer to butt a hole through the parlor door.

Buzz, buzz, buzz—

Well, it 's cur'ous how it was!  
W'y, they made at me with a brush an' broom,  
An' we took a chase round the whole blamed room;  
An' they stormed an' jawed,  
While I scratched an' clawed  
To escape from what seemed a certain doom;  
But I 'm out here now in a sheltered place,  
With a picture-frame an' a broken vase!

S. Q. Lapius.

## A MONOLOGUE.

"Salt reminds me of the ocean, and I like it," said the oyster; "but the exquisite torture of throwing pepper in one's eyes is worthy of the middle ages."

## THE OLD STORY.

HOWSON LOTT.—I see you have no servant girl at present. Did you fire your last one?

MORRISON ESSEX.—No; spontaneous combustion!

## WHAT IT WAS.

BORE (*in Hawville Clarion office*).—What was that horrible crash?

EDITOR.—Horrible crash? Must have been our composing-room towel.

## PARADOXICAL.

BOX.—Has Hickley had much experience as an amateur actor?

COX.—Hickley? Why, Hickley is a professional amateur!

WHEN THE bull and the bear go a - marketing, there 's always some young mutton in deadly peril.

ONE-HALF THE world does not know how the other half could live without it.



## A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

LANDLADY.—What! going to leave us, Mr. Barginsayle? I hope you've no fault to find with the table!

BOARDER.—No; the table's all right; but my room-mate is an amateur photographer, and he insists on taking flash-light pictures of me every night when I'm trying to go to sleep!

## THE INFANT CLASS.

"It's the little things in life that count," said the philosopher.  
"Yes, indeed," said the primary teacher; "you should visit my school some time and hear them."

## A SAGE PAGAN.

EVANGELIST.—Are you a Christian, Sing Yeh?  
SING YEH (*late of Hong Kong*).—Ess; heapee Clistian. Go Sunday school, singee, playee, leadee Bible; allee same heapee much Clistian.

"But, I understand you worship Joss, too?"

"Ess; play to Joss allee same evly dayee; bulnee Joss-stickee; heapee stan' in wiv Joss allee while."

"But, you can not be both Christian and Pagan; and worship God and Joss at the same time."

"Wattee mattee clan't? Swingee on bot' sidee fence allee same likee politician. Don' clal dam which beatee. Me safee, eithel way."

## THE PROPER TINT.

LITTLE MOSE YALLERBY.—I wants to git a bottle ob dat cream fo' de complexion.

DRUGGIST.—What kind?

LITTLE MOSE.—Chocolate cream. I guess; it 's fo' my sisteh!

## VERBALLY SPEAKING.

TECK.—Woman is a creature of mood.

PECK.—True; and my wife's mood is the imperative.

LOVE MAKES the world go round; but it has no tendency to make a young man's cash go round.

ONE TOUCH of Nature makes the world say "Haw! What shockingly bad fawm!"



## OF TWO EVILS.

FIRST SHIPWRECKED YACHTSMAN.—It won't hold us both, Bill. I 'll let go and you save yourself.

SECOND SHIPWRECKED YACHTSMAN.—But, man, you have a wife and family and I have n't.

FIRST SHIPWRECKED YACHTSMAN.—Yes, I know; but I have an engagement with the dentist to-morrow, and I am satisfied. (*Drops off the log.*)



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**MAMA.**—Horrors! What does she do?  
**LITTLE GIRL.**—She tells us Bible stories on week days.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

An elastic stove-pipe coupling would do more good than seven long sermons.—*Texas Siftings.*

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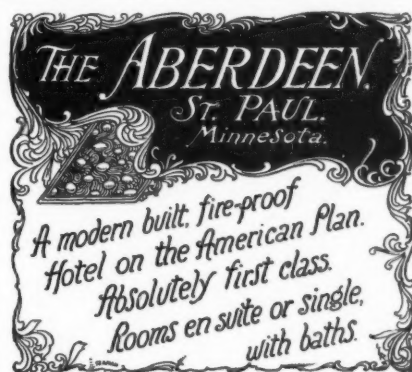
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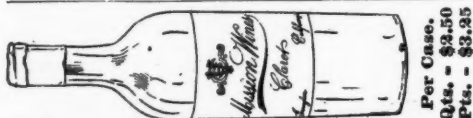
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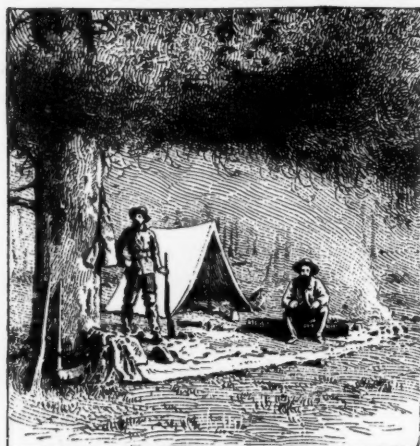
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LOTTIE.—No, indeed. I had n't been there a week last year before I was proposed to by three barbers.—Clothier and Furnisher.



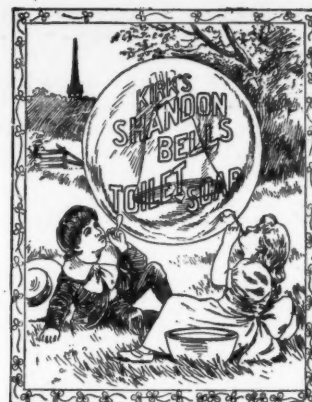
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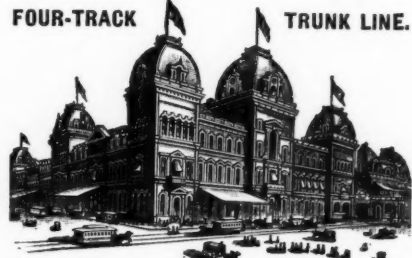
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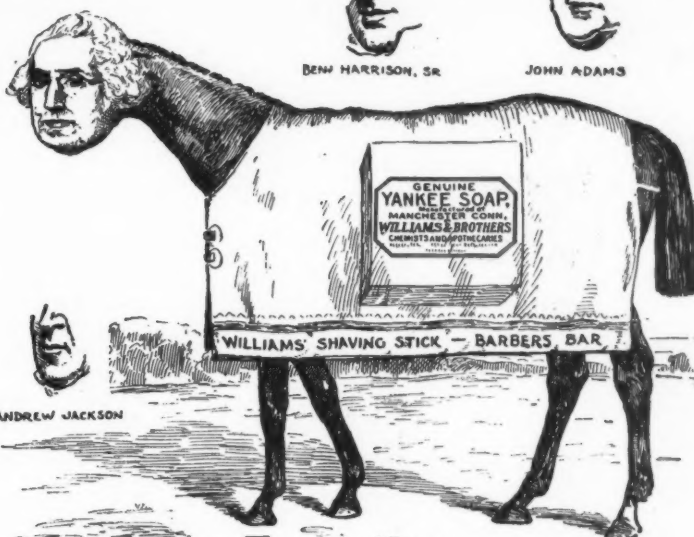
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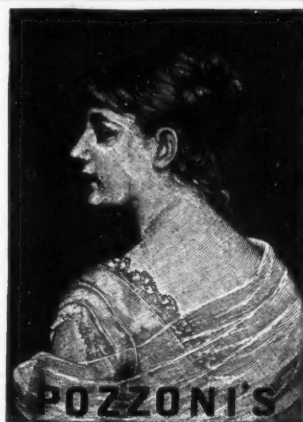
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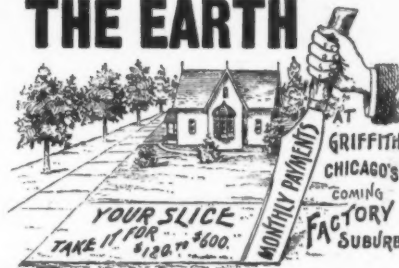
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